

## BROAD HINTS.

**Reasons Which Influenced a Colored Gentleman to Believe Himself Insulted.**  
 "Dat Peterson niggah ain't no gent'len, sah," an old colored man exclaimed.  
 "Why do you think that, uncle?" a bystander asked.  
 "I tink it 'caze ob de way he misbehaves hisself."  
 "Has he done anything to you?"  
 "Yas, sah, he heb. He's done flung out 'servation what wez oncetled fo', and what no gent'len wouldn't 'a' done."  
 "He insulted you, eh?"  
 "Yas, sah; it 'pears to me like he heb."  
 "Perhaps you are too sensitive, uncle?"  
 "What am dat, sah?"  
 "Why, maybe you are too quick to judge people, and it may be that you imagined the fellow meant to insult when he intencd nothing of the kind."  
 "I reckon yo's wrong, dar, sah. De show 'bout takin' hints, an when a gent'len 'sults me I waits as long as I kin fo' I takes hit up. But when a pison goes for 'nough yo's lovin' to 'knowledge, he means to 'sult yo', sah."  
 "Then you are sure that the Peterson negro meant to insult you?"  
 "Yas, sah, I's 'most sho' he did."  
 "You don't think it possible you can be mistaken in his intentions?"  
 "No, sah. I reckon der's no doubt 'bout his 'tention to 'sult me. Yo' see I didn't take de hints when he fust 'gun to throw 'em out, but he got so pisonal to de las dat I des had to see what he meant. He des kep' shinglin out hints, sah."  
 "He did? What were the hints?"  
 "Wal, sah, fust he stepped on mah toes, den he slapped me in der mouf, den he blipped me 'side der head wid his fist, an arter dat he kicked me outen de house. To de las, sah, I made up mah mind dat de fool niggah meant to 'sult me, 'caze dem 'pear like mounty breed hints."  
 —Chicago Tribune.

## Nothing to Get Mad Over.

A man about forty-five years old, having three new seizes tied up with a string under his arm, got aboard the train at Smith's Center, and as he passed down the car to find a seat, a passenger, who was considerably younger, called out:  
 "Well, I declare, but you expected to see you here! How are you, Jim Thompson?"  
 "Oh, toller ble well, considering," was the reply of the newcomer. "How's all your folks?"  
 "Able to be around, thank ya. Gettin' ready to sharpen up, I see."  
 "Yas."  
 "Look here, Jim, I want to talk to ye a bit. Folks is tellin' round that you'n me is mad at each other an' ready to fight."  
 "Yas, I've heard it."  
 "But it ain't so. I ain't mad, and I don't know what you've got to git mad over."  
 "Oh, I never thought of gittin' mad."  
 "It's jest the gossips, who want sump'lin to blow about. I married Mary Jane Hopkins. We didn't hitch very well and I got a divorce. Then she married you, and that set folks to think we orter be mad at each other. Lands alive! but it would take more'n that to make me mad!"  
 "And here too."  
 "How is Mary Jane now?"  
 "Fust rate—fust rate."  
 "Does she git mad and go into hystericks?"  
 "Hasn't yit."  
 "Kick any 'bout milkin the cows and feedin the hogs?"  
 "Not a kick."  
 "Wal, I'm glad on it. We couldn't hitch, but I ain't got a word to say agin Mary. Somebody had to marry her, an it might as well be you as any one else. Don't you mind what folks say. I ain't mad, nor goin to git mad, jest 'cause you married my old wife. I'm after another, and as soon as I git her you'n Mary come over and stay alday, and we'll make it pleasant for ye." —New York Herald.

## Pressed for Time.

Quibble—My dear, why will you permit that Mrs. Butler to make a goose of you? She actually kept you standing half an hour at the gate this afternoon for three-quarters of an hour.  
 Mrs. Q.—Was it as long as that?  
 Quibble—To a minute by the clock.  
 Mrs. Q.—Oh, well, the dear woman, couldn't help it. She hadn't time to come in, for she told me when she called me down she hadn't a minute to stop.—Boston Courier.

## His Donation.

Hostetter McGinnis—We are about to hold a meeting to organize a fresh air fund this summer.  
 Colonel Yerger—An excellent project—excellent.  
 "I thought you would be in favor of it. I am canvassing in aid of the society. I know you will give me something."  
 "With the greatest pleasure. You may put me down for a speech at the meeting." —Texas Sittings.

## Wouldn't Know Him.

"So," said the girl whose father had been talking to her, "you dislike Herbert and will not recognize him."  
 "That's it," he replied. "If he doesn't keep away from here I won't recognize him, and neither will his own mother." —Washington Star.

## The Ground of His Objection.

The Young Man—Gracie, what is it your father sees in me to object to, darling?  
 The Young Woman (wiping away a tear)—He doesn't see anything in you, Al-gernon. That's why he objects.—Chicago Tribune.

## Something for a Light Meal.



HALF A DOZEN ROSE.—Brooklyn Life.

## Too Convincing.

Strawber—Did you convince Swindom that it wasn't correct to wear a sack coat at an afternoon reception?  
 Singler—Yes. My argument was so convincing that he insisted upon borrowing my cutaway.—Clothes and Furnisher.

## And Mud.

We're duly thankful that the rain has been fit to retire.  
 Though we admit that while 'twas here 'Twas something to add mire.  
 —Indianapolis Journal.

## THE THINNING OF THE THATCH.

I was once a merry urchin—curly-headed I was called.  
 And I laughed at good old people when I saw them going bald.  
 But it's not a proper subject to be lightly joked about.  
 For it's dreadful to discover that your roof is wearing out!  
 I remember asking uncle—in my innocent surprise—  
 How he liked his head made use of as a skating rink by flies.  
 But although their dread intrusion I shall manfully resist,  
 I'm afraid they soon will have another rink upon their list.  
 When invited to a party I'm invariably late.  
 For I waste the time in efforts to conceal my peeping pate.  
 Though I coax my hair across it—though I brush away for weeks,  
 Yet I can't prevent it parting and dividing into streaks.  
 I have tried a hair restorer, and I've rubbed my head with rum,  
 But the thatch keeps getting thinner, and the new hair doesn't come—  
 So I gaze into the mirror with a gloomy, vacant stare.  
 For the circle's getting wider of that open space up there!  
 People tell me that my spirits I must not let low to fall,  
 And that coming generations won't have any hair at all—  
 Well, they'll never know an anguish that can adequately match  
 With the pangs of watching day by day the thinning of your thatch!  
 —C. K. Shetterly in Chicago Tribune.

## With a Difference.

One is sometimes startled at the discovery of a new and most disagreeable force in a single word, when that word is applied to himself to characterize some unpleasant fact of which he has long been aware.  
 "Don't call me fleshy!" said a lady of magnificent proportions. "I don't object to my size, but I simply can't bear that word!"  
 Another woman has not the least desire to marry, but cannot endure being called a "spinster."  
 Not long ago a pretty woman in the thirties announced her intention of taking a somewhat extended trip alone, and ended with the remark, "An old maid like me doesn't need an escort."  
 Then Marjorie, the little maid of the family, burst into a torrent of tears.  
 "You're not an old maid, auntie!" she wailed. "You're not! I can't bear it!"  
 "But I am, Marjorie," said her aunt, laughing. "Why, it's a nice thing to be like it."  
 "Oh, but you're not, you're not!" cried Marjorie, and she rushed off to the study to ask passionately, "Papa, is auntie an old maid?"  
 "No, dear," said her father soothingly, "not at all. She's only a postponed bride."  
 That proved wonderfully comforting. The tears were speedily dried, but auntie herself was somewhat electrified when a caller came that afternoon to hear the little girl inquire sweetly and in a tone so innocent that no one could suggest her ceasing to repeat the remark.  
 "Did you know Aunt Helen is a postponed bride? Isn't it nice?"—Youth's Companion.

## A Powerful Extract.



**Economy the Road to Wealth.**  
 "Whose fine mansion is that?"  
 "That is the dwelling of old Biggins, the coal baron. It represents an entire year's pinching, scraping and economizing."  
 "He's immensely wealthy, isn't he?"  
 "Worth millions."  
 "Then what was the need of his pinching and scraping?"  
 "Oh, he didn't have to do the economizing. He made a big cent out in wages the year he built it." —Chicago Tribune.

## Valuable Idol.

An exchange says that a lady who was looking about in a bric-a-brac shop, with a view to purchasing something odd, noticed a quaint figure, the head and shoulders of which appeared above the counter.  
 "What is that Japanese idol over there worth?" she inquired.  
 The salesman's reply was given in a subdued tone.  
 "Worth about half a million, madam. It's the proprietor." —Chicago Tribune.

## On Top Again.

"Yez never told me yer husband wor a sailor, Mrs. Donahue."  
 "Yis, he's just bin around the world."  
 "Clear round to China an the opposite side, was he?"  
 "To be sure."  
 "Worra, but it must be nisy he feels to get up here on top waist more." —Washington Star.

## Irresistible.

A boy was stealing currants and was locked up in a dark closet by the grocer. The boy commenced to beg most pathetically to be released, and after much persuasion suggested, "Now if you'll let me out and send for my father, he'll pay you for the currants and lick me besides." The grocer could not withstand this appeal.—Texas Sittings.

## An Absurd Request.

"You borrowed a liver of me the other day, you know."  
 "Yas."  
 "I'd like to have it back if you can."  
 "But, my dear boy, I've spent it." —Indianapolis Journal.

## The Advent of Summer.

The tennis blazer soon will come  
 To brighten up the emerald lawn,  
 And in his fishing togs we'll see  
 The fisherman steal forth at dawn.

In yachting suit, with buttons big,  
 The youth the quarter deck will strain,  
 And thus arrayed in colors bright  
 A dashing figure he will paint.

We'll see him walk along the beach  
 In outfit suit of nobby style,  
 Or else arrayed for mountain climbs,  
 The summer hours away he'll while.

And as the summer girl he seeks  
 With suits unnumbered, far away  
 His tailor will remain at home,  
 And wonder when he'll get his pay.  
 —Clothes and Furnisher.

## Satisfactory Explanation.

**Clothing Merchant.**—The reason why I am anxious for you to take this suit at eight dollars, my friend, is that we expect to mark all this line of goods up to \$17.50 after the 1st of June.  
 Customer—Why don't you hold 'em till then and make more money on 'em?  
 "Hold them?" Great Scott! We've got to get rid of them to make way for new stock."  
 "Then what's the object of marking 'em up after the 1st of June?"  
 "What's the object?"  
 "Yes. What's the object?"  
 "In marking these clothes up after the 1st of June?"  
 "Yes. That's what I want to know."  
 "Er—aw—my friend, shall we say \$4.50 for the suit?" —Chicago Tribune.

## "Fight Declared Off, No Reason Given."



Spokesman—See here, Jim Brogan, yer has been a sayin yer kin lick any boy in de ward of yer size. I've got me sister here wot'll knock der stuffin out o' yer, an she's only a gal.  
 Jim Brogan—Who's dem fellers?  
 Spokesman—Dem's her brudders, dem is. De're on'y here ter see fair play!—Life.

## The Umpire.

The poor umpire is out on the ball ground. There is a limp in his gut, and he carries a cane. He is an old vet, and played a right lively game before he was wounded. The ball struck him on the kneecap, and when he was discharged from the hospital he was placed on the retired list.

What are they doing now?  
 The man at the bat has made three strikes, and the catcher has thrown the ball to first base.  
 Is the man out?  
 Some say he is out, and some say he isn't. What does the umpire say?  
 He has not had a chance to say anything yet on account of the uproar.  
 Why do the two nines gather so closely around the umpire? He ought to have a little fresh air.  
 They are trying to bulldoze him.  
 Has he rendered a decision yet?  
 Yes, he has pronounced the man out.  
 Who was that who just struck the umpire?  
 That is the short stop.  
 Who is the man kicking the umpire on his game leg?  
 That is the man whom he declared out.  
 It is a shame to kick, strike and abuse a lame man.  
 True, but look at the third baseman, who is creeping up behind him with a club in his hand.  
 What is he going to do?  
 He finds it necessary to kill the umpire to stifle further discussion.  
 Has he struck him yet?  
 No, he has not hit him on the back of his head because the umpire has just reversed his decision.  
 Gone back on what he said in the first place?  
 Yes, he now says the man is not out.  
 Who fired that shot?  
 The left fielder of the other club.  
 Whom is he shooting at?  
 The umpire.  
 Why?  
 Rec'd the umpire reversed his decision.  
 Why have they killed the umpire for going back on his first judgment?  
 Yes, but what is the difference? He would have been killed anyway by the club on the other side. It is six to one and half a dozen to the other, and an umpire might as well die for an old sheep as a lamb.—Texas Sittings.

## Valuable Advice.

A Vermont lady had removed from her native place to the beautiful California city of Oakland. She found life there very agreeable at first, but before long she began to experience distressing physical sensations. She became nervous, fretful and very uncomfortable; she lost much of her sleep at night and much more of her happiness by day.  
 At last she resolved to consult a physician, and did so, calling to see a bright light in the profession. She gave him a very full account of her symptoms, and then asked:  
 "What is it that ails me, doctor?"  
 "Fleas, ma'am," answered the doctor.  
 For this information the Vermont lady paid the doctor's minimum consultation fee of five dollars, and went her way, but not rejecting.—Youth's Companion.

## Economy in Neckties.

Beaver—What have you got a red necktie on for, old man? Don't you know they have gone out?  
 Melton—Yes, but I am going to a barber's shop to get shaved today.  
 Beaver—What's that got to do with your necktie?  
 Melton—It's the only kind I can wear that doesn't show blood.—Clothes and Furnisher.

## Decidedly Different.

Mrs. Billus—Why don't you pay it and say nothing, John? I wouldn't make so much fuss over a doctor bill.  
 Mr. Billus (cross-eyed with wrath)—I didn't say doctor bill, Maria! I said 'doctor bill.' It's from the gas company! —Chicago Tribune.

## A Horse Lover.

"Hawkins is very fond of his horse, isn't he?"  
 "Why, no, he hates him."  
 "That's queer. I saw him riding in the park the other day, and he had his arms about the animal's neck." —Harper's Bazar.

## The Sultor's Confession.

The Parent—Young man, I have noticed that you are paying attention to my daughter. Now, is it all on the square?  
 The Lover—No, it's mostly on the stoop.—Smith & Gray's Monthly.

## Taken Literally.

Stalate—To prove my love there is nothing I would not do for you.  
 Ethel (yawning)—All right, wind up the clock and kiss. Fido good night.—New York Herald.

## Wasted Ammunition.

He fired a dress suit for the night,  
 And how he was enraged  
 To find the girl he went to see  
 Had just become engaged.  
 —Clothes and Furnisher.

## Only \$10 to Helena and Return.

The Union Pacific will sell tickets from Lincoln to Helena and return at one fare for the round trip. Tickets on sale June 7th to 14th, inclusive, limited to thirty days from date of sale. For any additional information apply to J. T. Mastin, C. T. A., 1040 O street, or E. B. Shosson, Gen. Agent U. P. System.

Nothing like New England graham for breads or graham gems. Dealers sell it.

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and all kinds of magazines, periodicals, novels, etc., always to be found at the new COURIER NEWS DEPOT, 1134 N. Street.

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The new Lincoln frame and art company make a specialty of frames for fine crayon work, with Elite Studio 236 south Eleventh street.

In you want anything for the baby, for the sick room, for wearing apparel, for foot wear, sportsmen's goods, and anything in the line of rubber goods, call at the Lincoln Rubber Company and take advantage of the goods that are offered at sacrifice to close the business.

## Helena and Return—One Fare for Round Trip.

For the accommodation of those desiring a visit at points in the vicinity of or at Helena in June during the session of the convention of the supreme judges of the Ancient Order of United Workmen, the Union Pacific will sell tickets to Helena and return at one fare for the round trip. Tickets on sale June 7 to 14 inclusive, limited to thirty days from date of sale. For any additional information apply to J. T. Mastin, C. T. A., 1040 O street, or E. B. Shosson, Gen. Agent U. P. System.

## Eye and Ear Surgeon.

Dr. W. L. Dayton, oculist and aurist, 1203 O street, telephone 375, Lincoln, Neb.

## A. O. U. W.

The supreme lodge of the Ancient Order of United Workmen convenes at Helena, Montana, June 15th, 1892. For this occasion the Union Pacific System will sell tickets to Helena and return at the low rate of one first-class fare for the round trip. Tickets on sale June 7th to 14th, limited to thirty days from date of sale and ten days transit limit in each direction. For tickets or additional information apply to J. T. Mastin, C. T. A., 1040 O street, or E. B. Shosson, Gen. Agent U. P. System.

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## CREEDE MINING CAMP.

A second Leadville—Fourth Place Already Gained by the Young Giant.

The whirligig of fortune has stopped at Creede, nothing yesterday, it is a town to-day and will be a city tomorrow. Many a man will date his rise in this world from the hour he stepped into Willow Gulch. The camp has practically existed only since last May. The D. & R. G. Ry. did not get in until October, and regular passenger trains did not run until December, yet no other mining camp ever produced so much ore during the same period of its early existence. Leadville itself fell far behind. The extraordinary output has come from exactly five mines, and one of them has supplied only a nominal quantity. Early investments promise prompt and quick returns. Pamphlets containing a full and complete description of this wonderful mining camp, together with other valuable information, routes, rates and tickets may be obtained at B & M depot or city office cor. 10th and O streets.  
 A. C. ZIEMER,  
 City pass. and ticket agt.

## LEGAL NOTICE.

G. M. Arnold, defendant, will take notice that on the 30th day of March, 1892, James D. Bock, plaintiff herein, filed his petition in the District court of Lancaster county, Nebraska, against said defendant and Wallace Melville and John Caton, the object and prayer of which are to correct a mistake in six certain promissory notes made by the defendants Melville and Caton and delivered to the Plaintiff and Baldwin Company for the use of plaintiffs, also to correct a mistake in the mortgages securing said notes, and upon lots four and five in block twenty-six, lot twenty in block thirty-seven, lot five in block thirty-eight, lots thirteen and fourteen in block thirty-seven and lots two, three and six in block twenty-six in Pitcher & Baldwin's second addition to Lincoln, Nebraska, to cancel said notes and mortgages and to compel said defendants to execute and deliver new notes and mortgages in the sum of \$224.00 upon said property, or in default thereof, that the decree of the court stand as a lien upon the property for said amount.  
 You are required to answer said petition on or before the 20th day of May, 1892.  
 Dated this 31st day of May, 1892.  
 JAMES D. BOK by  
 Abbott, Seleck & Lane, Attys.

## SHERIFF SALE.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of an order of sale issued by the clerk of the district court of the Third judicial district of Nebraska, within and for Lancaster county, in an action wherein Catherine S. Bowman is plaintiff, and Hezekiah Hewitt, Celestia L. Hewitt, John H. McFarland, Gustaf Elmquist, and S. H. Elwood, first name unknown, defendants, I will, at 2 o'clock p. m. on the 10th day of May, A. D. 1892, at the east door of the court house in city of Lincoln, Lancaster county, Nebraska, offer for sale at public auction the following described real estate to-wit: Lot number six in block number six in Vine street addition to the city of Lincoln, Lancaster county, Nebraska.  
 Given under my hand this 9th day of April, A. D. 1892.  
 SAM MCLAY, Sheriff.

## \$50,000.00 TO LOAN

At six per cent. per annum and a cash commission or at eight per cent. no commission, for periods of three or five years on well located improved real estate in Lincoln or Lancaster county.

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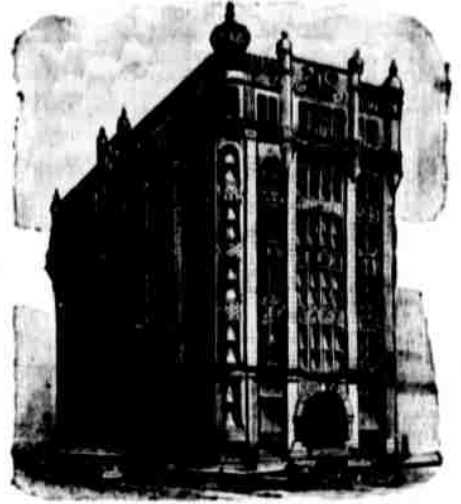
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 City Ticket Agt. Gen'l Agent.



## AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.

Truly, it was an enchanting scene, so bright, so beautiful, and novel withal, that I walked about with curious delight, forgetful of all the means which enabled me to intrude upon the fishes' domain, until I was brought to my senses by a sharp jerk on the line, this being an interrogation from Jack as to whether I was all right. I answered in a similar way and, as I did so, a familiar object caught my eye in the shape of the "Burlington Route" trade mark. It was exquisitely painted on a little ledge of rock and I could plainly read the flaming announcement of their new express trains and the remarkable time being made between Denver, Lincoln, Omaha and Chicago. "Ye gods!" I cried, "What enterprise! An advertisement even here! Is there no place on earth or under the waters where this wondrous Railroad is unknown?"

Our new vestibuled specials, Nos. 3 and 6, are among the fastest and most luxuriously appointed passenger trains in the world, and are deserving of hearty support and generous patronage. The distance between Denver and Lincoln is now covered in the unparalleled time of twelve hours and ten minutes, while the run to Chicago is made in fifteen hours and fifty-five minutes. These Trains, as well as our celebrated "Flyers," are equipped with dining, sleeping, chair and smoking cars, of exquisite design and workmanship. Bains as well as money, was liberally used in their construction.

Apply to agent, B & M. depot, or at the city ticket office, corner O and 10th streets, for further information.

J. FRANCI  
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A. C. ZIEMER,  
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